



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

BERNARD, YOU'RE AN EXPERT BOOKKEEPER, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS?

The high-handed, extravagant manner in which the city council, controlled by three members, is running the city of Carmel is no better exemplified than by the present audit muddle.

The action of the council in the matter of the resignation of City Attorney Argyll Campbell was bad enough and still to many citizens of the city constitutes maladministration sufficient to warrant the recall of Smith, Rowntree and Burge, but the audit business has now reached the proportions of a public scandal.

It is difficult to conceive how any citizen could have attended the last three meetings of the city council without coming to the conclusion that Smith, Rowntree and Burge, controlling the council as they do, constitute a serious menace to public welfare.

This is not merely editorial rhetoric. We honestly ask John Jordan and Kent Clark, for instance, two most upright citizens who seldom agree with our editorial opinion, to tell us frankly what they think about this audit business. Can they honestly stand up and tell us we are wrong in this? Can they—after attending these last two meetings of the council?

The recall is a serious thing, we are most ready to admit. It is a serious thing to attach such a stigma on three citizens of the city. We admit that, too. But what rights and consideration have the 2800-odd other citizens of the city? Haven't they the right to be considered in this? Should these three members of the council, whether conscientiously or no, be permitted to continue to waste the city's money, ride roughshod over the city's laws, force from office capable city officers and render the city as a consequence open to legal assault that would further menace the city's treasury?

THE CYMBAL doesn't think they should and it thinks that the quicker we stop them doing it the better. We have no personal quarrel with those three men—any one of them. We are perfectly willing and ready to recognize their efficiency in their chosen line of work. We believe, and we have so stated, that Everett Smith knows enough about trees and the nurture of them to make him an expert in his vocation. We have been told on acceptable authority that Bernard Rowntree is an efficient insurance agent and an expert bookkeeper. It is undoubtedly true, as we have been informed, that Joe Burge justifiably earns a good living as a nurseryman and a garden landscaper.

But as councilmen, as municipal legislators, they are terrible, and it doesn't require a post-graduate sheepskin in municipal government to see it. It requires, in fact, only attendance at three council meetings running—particularly the last three.

It is not enough that they are trying. An honest, conscientious man or woman can be just as dangerous as a dishonest one in the handling of public affairs and public money—if he doesn't know what he's doing; is incapable of meeting the responsibilities placed on him.

For instance—take this audit business.

We understand, and we have had

(Continued on Page Four)

CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • SEPTEMBER 17, 1937

5 CENTS

Fire District Probable

CLERK REFUSES TO SIGN AUDIT CLAIM PENDING LEGAL OPINION

Shaff Brothers, certified accountants, are still whistling for a warrant which would pay them \$250 out of the city treasury for something they have done in regard to the audit of the city's books. This reference to their service is indefinite because the service is very definitely indefinite.

And they may continue to whistle for some time—in fact, it is possible that they may have to sue.

At the meeting of the council Tuesday night, Miss Saidee Van Brower, city clerk of our city by virtue of the votes of the citizens, addressed a letter to the council, and read it to that august body, too, in which she said that before signing said warrant she requested a legal opinion, "in writing," as to the legality of the demand.

She put it this way: "I hereby request the council to obtain and duly deliver to me a legal opinion, in writing, as to the following legality of said Demand No. 9006:

"(A) The sum of \$125.00 for reporting by Clayton L. Shaff upon his own audit.

"(B) The sum of \$125.00 for an 'accounting system.'

"(C) The signing of said warrant No. 9006 when said demand No. 9006 has not been approved nor signed by Councilman James H. Thoburn, member of the finance committee: This in accordance with City Ordinance No. 2."

Following her reading of her letter, Miss Van Brower plucked another sheet of paper from the sheaf in front of her and, in tones which indicated surprise, said that she held an opinion of W. L. Hudson, one

(Continued on Page Ten)

Junipero Street Opening Cost Is Sought

Up jumps Junipero street again. We hope it someday will stay up.

Gene Watson pricked it into life at Tuesday night's meeting of the city council. In that polite, conciliating voice of his, Gene wanted to know if the council didn't think that it might with grace and impunity appoint a committee to find out just what the opening of Junipero street would cost.

Winsor Josselyn said that no matter what it cost the property owners on it would kick like hell if they had to pay for it.

Mayor Smith said that a lot of them wouldn't kick because they had bought their property there on the speculation that some day it would be opened, widened and improved for a through highway.

The editor of one of the local papers said he thought the opening would be a municipal improvement that the whole city should pay for. Councilman Clara Kellogg agreed with the editor.

It was agreed that the council would make an effort to determine the cost.

Now, We Ask You—

COST OF THE AUDIT

Paid up to June 1	2,812.50
Paid in June as "Balance Due"	525.00
Paid July 7 for "Accounting System"	250.00
Claim held up by City Clerk	250.00
Claim Thoburn says is yet to come	200.00
Estimated bill for books, not yet presented	150.00
Total	4,187.50

So, estimating Carmel's population as 2800, that's \$1.50 per capita. That would buy Dick Johnson five pounds of top round steak (ground) at Weaver's; with it Beth Sullivan could get a year's subscrip-

DE LEMOS PLANS NEW BUILDING ON DOLORES

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro De Lemos visited their Carmel home for a few days the past week and Pedro let it be known that he contemplates removal of the buildings on his business property on Dolores, directly opposite the city hall, and constructing on the site a modern store structure.

At the present time the buildings are occupied by Jane's Cake Shop and P. G. Robbins' real estate office, and the Alpine Inn in the rear. The rear building has been occupied at different times by a tea room, later by the Garden Shop, and more recently by the late Malcolm Macbeth. There have been various enterprises occupying the present cake shop. The Garden Shop occupied Robbins' present office up until a year ago.

These buildings, not particularly adapted to retail business, are, according to De Lemos, on "temporary" foundations and he expects to move them to property he owns at Eighth and Casanova streets.

It is expected that De Lemos will have plans drawn for a modern building and that construction will be completed by the early spring.

Building Code Fire Zones Are Fixed

In another five days or so Carmel's new building code ordinance, with all its fixings, will be a law unto the land. The last of the fixings, for the time being, at least, were properly decided upon and added to the main dish last Tuesday night when the council passed on first reading an ordinance designating the fire zones in the city.

There are to be three of them—2, 2-A and 3. No. 2 will include and embrace that part of the business district which at the present time, generally, will extend from Junipero to Monte Verde and from Sixth to Eighth streets. Then, between the boundary of this section and the line drawn around what for some time has been stipulated as the business section, will be a fringe that will be called Zone 2-A. The rest of the city, all residential as to zoning, will be Zone

3. The regulations for fire-protection structures will be not so very stiff in Zone No. 3, stiffer in No. 2-A and stiffest in No. 2.

WAS IT YOU?

Number 3

(Editor's note—One of these paragraphs will appear each week in THE CYMBAL from now on until we get weary, or you do, or our dollars get too slack.)

You sauntered up Ocean avenue as if you had nothing special to do. It was the early part of yesterday afternoon and you wore an immaculate white sweater with a cable stitch, and gray pants and white shoes, all very good with your neatly combed blond hair. At Mission you crossed and went into the post office. Inside you hesitated a few moments trying to get into the line at the stamp window; then you went back and looked in a box on the left-hand side. After that you went to the other stamp window, purchased about five three-cent stamps, put them carefully away in your pocket somewhere, and sauntered out. The idea of killing a little time on a coca cola came to you and you turned into Walt Pilot's and proceeded to enjoy one in a leisurely fashion. This was about 2 p.m.

If you were this young man, bring this paper into THE CYMBAL office and we'll give you a dollar bill. Alice Vidoroni, Monterey High School girl, living in Carmel Woods, came in last Saturday morning and claimed last week's dollar.

No. 3. The regulations for fire-protection structures will be not so very stiff in Zone No. 3, stiffer in No. 2-A and stiffest in No. 2.

The ordinance, as to boundaries of the Nos. 2 and 2-A zones, and the fire-protection provisions, is long and somewhat involved. So, if you contemplate erecting a structure in a part of the city you think might be in either of these two zones, you had better go up to the city clerk's office and read the new law. Better yet, let your building contractor figure it out.

Senator and Mrs. Bradford S. Crittendon and their son and daughter, Bradford M. and Eudora, spent last week-end at Forest Lodge. Mrs. Charles B. Smith came down from Stockton, with the party and she and Mrs. Crittendon have stayed over for a week at the Lodge.

CITIZENS MAKE FIRST DEFINITE MOVE FOR FIRE PROTECTION

At last a definite move and by an enthusiastic group has been made toward the formation of a fire district that will include Carmel, Carmel Point, Carmel Woods and Hatton Fields.

At a luncheon meeting at Whitney's yesterday, residents of all three outlying districts and several Carmel insurance brokers talked over the tentative plans for formation of the district. The insurance brokers assured the property owners of the now unprotected sections that formation of such a district, providing for fire hydrants and service out of the Carmel fire house, would mean a material reduction of insurance rates. At the present time the rate in the sections outside but adjacent to Carmel is 60 cents a \$100 a year as against 40 cents inside the Carmel city limits.

It was figured that the property owners in the outside districts could easily save in insurance premiums enough to pay into the treasury of such a fire district approximately \$2500 a year which should mean the employment by Carmel of another paid fireman and eventually lead to the acquisition of additional equipment.

Hatton Fields is particularly interested in the proposed district as it now has a water distributing system capable of meeting the fire menace. The mains are sufficiently large to allow for hydrants throughout the district. Even if The Point and Carmel Woods, which would have to meet the expense of larger mains, find it economically impractical to come in, Hatton Fields property owners will endeavor to form a district with Carmel. However, residents of The Point and Carmel Woods are enthusiastic about the plan.

Those who attended the meeting yesterday were William L. Hudson, Charles Berkey, Dr. H. M. Tolfree, Paul Flanders, A. G. E. Hanke, Commander M. J. Peterson, Henry Dickinson, Major Cooper Anderson, A. W. Wheldon, Arthur T. Shand, Barnet Segal, Jack Schroeder, Bernard Rowntree and Paul Prince.

GIRL SCOUT LEADER TRAINING COURSE STARTS THURSDAY

Mrs. Chris Phelan, well known Girl Scout director, will give a Girl Scout Leader's training course at the Carmel Scouting Center on Lincoln and Sixth beginning next Thursday and Friday, September 23 and 24. The course will take four days in all and the second period will be some time the following week, time to be announced later. All women interested in becoming Girl Scout or Brownie leaders should take advantage of this opportunity. The exact time of the sessions may be had by calling the Scout House after this evening.

Irving and Gladys Steele Gunderson are staying at the home of Dr. and Mrs. D. Anderson at The Point.

Library Given Sculpture of Louise Shaw

The Carmel Library received a gift of two miniature characters in colored sculpture by Louise Shaw last Monday. The two charming figures, only about three inches high, are of Uncle Remus and Aunt Tempy, two characters from Joel Chandler Harris' Southern folk tales. Miss Shaw's mother, Mrs. Simeon Shaw, an artist herself, came into the Library with the figurines and gave them to Clara Baker whom she remembered while they were visiting in Carmel three years ago.

Now in the children's room, Uncle Remus seems to be just a settin' thar ready to spout out some of his wonderful tales, and Aunt Tempy, bandana around her curly black head and money bag in hand, is all ready to go to market and get the vittels for supper.

Miss Shaw was official sculptress for the Florida and Georgia State Exhibits and the Horticulture Exhibit at the Chicago Exposition in 1933-34 and she worked on the figure for the Diorama at the 1936 Texas Centennial. She has studied in the art departments of Northwestern, Columbia, Chicago Art Institute and the Art Students League in New York City, and has taken private lessons from Edgardo Simone, Peter Paul Ott, E. Chas-saing and Lorado Taft.

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ARGYLL CAMPBELLS FINALLY RIP VERMONT FROM MAINE

The Argyll Campbells have admitted defeat. Two weeks ago they took into their home and hearts, Maine and Vermont, the twin sons of the late Alfred Landon. Maine and Vermont amused the head of the local Democratic Committee and his wife. Amusement and a touch of pride were theirs to think that they could put one over on F.D.R., but pride came before the fall. Maine and Vermont we raised in the hinterlands of Pacific Grove and are a bit back-woods about horseless carriages. The traffic on Scenic and Ocean was a bit too much for both of them. Vermont just did "not choose to run" in the right direction and Maine rather reversed the "as Maine goes, so goes the Nation" and trailed after Vermont. The only solution the Campbells could think of was to take Vermont back to where he came from. The re-union of Vermont and his 15-minutes younger brother, John Steinbeck, Junior, was very touching according to Virginia and touching, and we again have too many cats in our home over the hill.

—V. C. S.

SHORT STORY COURSE OPENS IN MONTEREY

The University of California Extension Division course in Short Story Writing will be continued this fall in Monterey under Miss Maren Elwood. Three sections will be formed according to the abilities and desires of the students, a course for beginners, an advanced class and a Short Story Seminar which will include many helpful hints to writers. The first meeting, which will be Saturday, September 18, is an open meeting at which time students may find out whether they wish to enroll for the rest of the semester. Classes will be at the Immigration Education Building at 495 Pacific street in Monterey. The time is 8 p.m. For further information phone Frances Baker at Monterey 3355.

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"Margo," she of the slant eyes, (the Tibetan princess of "Lost Horizon"), her aunt, Mrs. Alonso, and Francis Lederer were at Highlands Inn last week.

CARMEL CAPERS

We awoke very early Sunday morning with that lonely feeling of superiority which comes of visualizing one's self as the only human awake in the still somnolent world of early morning.

We awoke with that dreary and self-righteous emotion born of having resisted all temptation to do otherwise and having gone quietly and ascetically to bed on Saturday night with only a volume of Robinson Jeffers' poetry for company.

As we gazed over Point Lobos, we felt more and more superior to our sodden over-hung friends, who would undoubtedly be still attempting to sleep off the over-indulgences of the night before.

We gazed and felt more and more lonely, more and more healthy, more and more spiritual. And way at the back of our self-righteous little consciousness, we ruefully detected squirmings as of vague, carefully-curbed regrets.

We wondered what had happened to our friend in San Francisco who had been with difficulty dissuaded from coming down to Carmel and sleeping all over our living room with about 18 of "the nicest people" he had picked up in devious and diverse night clubs during a prolonged binge.

The early morning splendor appeared to be a glorious show and ours the only eyes to see it. We gazed anew, we quoted fatuously to ourselves the lines of Robinson Jeffers, "Divinely superfluous beauty" and our estheticism, our nature cultism, our hard-won superiority struggled valiantly with our growing regrets.

It was at this point that we decided to write our column. It was to be very spiritual, filled with soporific references to the futility of life and living, the vastness and glory of nature, the minuteness, the sordidness, the pusillanimous ineffectuality of all mankind in general and of our drunken, dissipated friends in particular.

"Divinely superfluous beauty," we thought again and with carefully sustained ecstasy, we prepared to write.

Just at that moment the 'phone rang. Yes, it was our friends, our all-too-human, all-too-alcoholic, all-too-irresistible, all-too-inevitable friends. Only now there were more of them. They had discovered some more "perfectly charming" people in a bar on the Embarcadero and they were all coming down in a large, unclean body to see us. They wanted to go swimming and the "perfectly charming" people from the Embarcadero had heard all about us and thought it would be perfectly lovely. Yes, they were in some funny place like Gilroy having breakfast . . . they'd be here very soon . . .

Our poetically ecstatic mood slipped from our shoulders like an outworn garment. It is now Wednesday morning . . . We will just make the presses and we are ourselves again. Tired, distraught and wallowing in the joys of human weakness.

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Moir and Peter Harnden spent last week-end in Carmel. It took them 40 minutes by actual record to progress from the Post Office to Whitney's, so busily were they greeting old friends along the way.

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Bobby Smith having done much to brighten the horizons of our southern sisters, has returned once more to Carmel, to recoup his energies.

—LIBBY LEY

Some of Our Legionnaires Start Forth To See The Pope and Mussolini

Honor awaits the Pope and Mussolini.

They are to have the opportunity of meeting our Mr. Barnet Segal, our Mr. Dave Askew, our Mr. Conrad Imelman and our Mr. Earl Graft.

There is little doubt that they will grasp it.

Two of the boys set sail Wednesday in Earl Graft's automobile, determined (or Earl is) to reach New York by Monday. They are Earl, himself, and Conrad. They are taking Charles Littlefield of the Monterey Post of the American Legion along with them.

Which calls attention to our failure so far to mention that this is an American Legion pilgrimage. Earl, Conrad and Littlefield are departing by the instrument and means of gasoline in the hope of getting in on the tail-end of the national Legion convention in New York which goes on till next Thursday. Either they will or some emergency hospital in Kansas or Nebraska will be honored by being called on to render service to residents of the "artists' and writers' colony of Carmel, California." With Earl Graft driving the car the odds were posted as even as the Chrysler dipped over the brow of the Ocean avenue hill.

Barney Segal and Askew are going by way of the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and New York Central, or something.

All five of the Legionnaires will be on hand at the New York dock on September 25 to board the Italian liner Rex for Rome. There, on October 4, they will give Mussolini the fascist salute and on the next day will say hello to the Pope.

The program, as published by *The National Legionnaire*, has them in a parade in Paris on this same day, which means they will have to hump, if we know our geography. However, we note that the Legion officials are trying to get the Paris event moved over to October 8. In that case, our boys will probably make it.

After participating in several other events in France, the boys

will show up at Rotterdam, which is in Wilhelmina's land, in time to catch a boat on October 15 for London, Glasgow and then home to New York. That is, some of them will. We are told that Conrad may not get back to Ocean avenue before the first of December. The others are expected back to work about the middle of November.

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CONNIE CLAMPETT HONORED IN OLIO AT "SHADOW"

Changing the lines of the song of the Hangtown Boys to "When I Walk, I Always Walk With Connie," the singing of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" by the whole audience and the presentation of a large bouquet of flowers served in part to welcome Connie Clampett back to the First Theater at the Saturday production of "In the Shadow of the Rockies." Connie has been confined in the Peninsula Community Hospital since just before rehearsals started on the play and she has been itching to get out. Out she came on Saturday night and her beaming smile and high-hearted laugh filled the theater.

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TENNIS COURTS RETAINING WALL ALL BUILT

While informing us that the tennis court gate locks had been recovered, Corum Jackson, chairman of the park and playground commission, took occasion to acquaint us with the fact that the new south retaining wall at the courts had been completed. He says it's a swell wall and should do its duty in restraining flood waters in their efforts to carry away the costly flooring of the tennis courts. The building of lavatories, included in the commission's present plans for improvements at the courts, will, Corum understands, be started soon.

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Mrs. Marjorie Bare, mother of Richard Bare of the Filmarte Theater and Security Pictures Corporation, has taken charge of the rental department of the Carmel Investment Company.

Music Society Names Officers

At a meeting at the Voss home in Big Sur Sunday afternoon the members of the board of directors of the Carmel Music Society elected officers for the coming year. Miss Emily Pitkin was reelected president; Mrs. James S. Parker, Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann and Laidlaw Williams, first, second and third vice-presidents; Fritz Wurzmann, recording secretary; John P. Gilbert, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. R. A. Kocher, treasurer.

The Music Society Winter Series for 1937-38 will begin with a December concert by the famous pianist, Rudolph Serkin. The Hindu dancer, Shan Kar and his troupe, the Budapest String Quartet and Nathan Milstein, violinist, will complete the group.

A barbecue supper was enjoyed by members of the board following the business meeting.

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Mildred "Tiny" Pearson is spending her vacation in Carmel with her mother, Mrs. D. E. Nixon. "Tiny" has been living in Los Angeles for the past two years.

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Church Asks Aid Of Council In Liquor Fight

Asking the city council to join in a "vigorous" protest to the state board of equalization against the transfer of the on-sale liquor license of Carmel-Eta Inn to the Aucourt Building on Lincoln street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street, a communication from the Community Church was read at the council meeting Tuesday night.

The communication stated that "almost 100 per cent" of the property owners on both sides of the block had been obtained on a protest against the granting of the transfer.

The communication to the council closed with the sentence, "We know how you stand individually; we ask that you act collectively." It was signed by Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the church.

Councilman Clara Kellogg at once declared her opinion that the council should go on record with the board of equalization opposing the license, but Councilman Joseph A. Burge said that in his opinion the board would pay no attention to such a communication.

Miss Kellogg pointed out that there had been a reorganization of the board and a change of attitude regarding protests from towns in the matter of liquor licenses. She believed the council's protest would have weight. Ross Miller suggested that the council protest both the transfer of the license and the new application of Erskine DeLoe for a license at the site of the present Carmel-Eta Inn.

Kent Clark opposed this, saying that the board might ignore such a collective protest while if the two were made individually at least one of them might be successful.

After a motion by Miss Kellogg referring the matter of a protest to the committee of the whole with power to act had been passed, Councilman Burge read from the new regulations of the board of equalization, dug up for him by Chief of Police Norton, wherein it said that the board would not consider granting an on-sale liquor license in the "immediate neighborhood" of a church or school.

The signers so far on the Community Church protest to the board of equalization are Mary Dummage, 190 feet; Herbert Heron, 120 feet; DeNeale Morgan, 40 feet; Mrs. Liezure, 80 feet; Community Church, 80 feet. It is understood that the petition has been sent to Los Angeles for the signatures of the owners of La Rambla Building and La Ribera Hotel which would practically complete the frontage on both sides of the block.

HELENE VYE ALL READY TO OPEN SHOP

Hélène Vye made application to the council Tuesday night for permission to erect a sign in front of her shop to be opened in the new Dummage Building at Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The sign is to read, according to the sketch presented: "Hélène Vye—Gowns," and is to hang on an iron arm and swing blithely in the wind. The application was referred to Jim Thoburn, in his capacity as commissioner of streets, and he is to let Hélène do it, providing she meets the law in the matter. No doubt she will.

Mrs. Herbert Armstrong was hostess to a group of 16 at a bridge-luncheon at Forest Lodge last week. Tables were decorated in autumn colors. Miss Norton will be hostess to the same group next Thursday afternoon at the Lodge.

Carmel Firemen Plan To Attend Annual Convention at Redding Next Week

Some of Carmel's fire fighters are planning to attend the state convention of the California Firemen's Association at Redding, beginning September 27 and continuing on through the 30th.

Stanley Clay is the regularly-elected delegate and Lytton Hitchcock the alternate, but Bob Leidig, chief of the Carmel department, and Paul Funchess intend to go as visitors and Paul Mercurio will be there in his capacity as second vice-president of the state organization.

Paul and Clay will leave early—this Sunday, in fact—and drive up the Redwood Highway to Eureka and across to Redding from there. Paul also has other ideas. He says there is a bare possibility that he will bring the State Firemen's Golf Championship cup back to Carmel. Fred Leidig and Milt Latham say he's cuckoo. They claim he isn't good enough to beat them and what chance, ask they, has he with a bunch of firemen? They insist that recent tilts with him have proved that he isn't as good as last Spring



PAUL MERCURIO

Who Goes To the Firemen's Convention as a Vice-President But With His Mind on Golf

when he managed to get from the back page of THE CYMBAL up to Page 2 before he crumpled and went out on the count.

Ammerman Gets Off His Feet Almost Hard

Freddie Ammerman, head man on the staff of the Smoke Shop, got off his feet last week and almost landed plop on another part of his anatomy. Freddie had an idea. It was a good one as far as it went, but on one occasion it didn't go far enough and Freddie saved his carcass and his self-respect only by the width of an eyelash.

It should be explained that Freddie has been gathering unto himself considerable avoirdupois over the past few months. It was getting hard on his feet. This moving north for a hamburger, south for a beer and east for a pack of cigarettes to satisfy Smoke Shop customers was getting him down. You don't carry 380 pounds, more or less, around on your dogs and not get a protest from the dogs.

So Freddie had a brilliant idea. He got himself a pair of skates with rubber balls for wheels. So—"a hamburger?"—swish, he went north. "A beer?"—swish again. He south. "Camels?" Swish. He went east. It was a bit too much for some of the customers at Tuthill's who, in the very early morning, are inclined to be a bit jittery. It proved, in fact, too much for Freddie. Business was slack one afternoon about 2. Freddie swished to the pinocle table, and swished down in a chair. He melded four kings and somebody yelled from out in front for a Rainier ale. Freddie jumped up. He had forgotten the skates. There was a wild clutching for support. He got Pon Chung by the ear and Taylor by the fedora. He got a pinocle deck by the neck of three Queens. He got his posterior within three-quarters of an inch of the floor and then—of all persons—God walked into Tuthill's and saved him.

The customer got his ale, and Freddie got his skates off. He's back on his feet again.

FIREMEN AND LADIES HAVE POT LUCK SUPPER

Last night the members of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department and their ladies had what Billy France calls a "pot luck" supper in the club rooms at the fire house. The men provided the food and the women rendered it edible.

Mr. and Mrs. Angel Elizalde have taken the Orcutt home in Pebble Beach for the Fall months.

'Stop Sign' Law At School Is Passed

A new resolution, amending the traffic ordinance, and providing for stop signs on both sides of Eighth street and Tenth street on San Carlos for the protection of the children of Sunset School, was passed by the city council Tuesday night. The resolution stipulated "non-reflector" signs, but Chief of Police Norton advised the council that under a new act of the legislature this was not legal and could not be enforced. The words "non-reflector" were stricken from the resolution therefore and the signs to be erected will be "legal" as Commissioner of Streets Thoburn interprets the law's meaning of the term.

Chief of Police Norton, his very self, was on duty at the school Wednesday noon, bringing San Carlos traffic down to slow pending the erection of the "stop" signs. We know, because he stopped us—and "us," as Bill Irwin would put it, "with an offspring in that school."

BETTIE GREENE SMILES, BUT NOT A HORSEBACK

Bettie Greene's smile is as brilliant when she is afoot as when she is a-horseback. We met Bettie and her smile in the post office Tuesday. She says that the injury to her back (she was kicked by a horse shortly over a month ago) precludes her getting into the saddle for another six months, or so the doctor decrees. That must be tough for Bettie, much tougher than one would imagine. Seeing her off a horse is a novelty, but seeing her up and around and smiling is certainly a joy.

Mrs. Herbert Johnson and her son, Lawrence, of Hollywood are spending the week with the Gustav De Packhs.

EL FUMADOR

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Dolores near Seventh

McGaw-Knox Will Again Read Here

Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox (Mrs. McGaw) will again give their play-readings at the Green Room in Carmel this fall. The opening play will be in October. The title has not been announced as yet but the McGaws will follow their habit of reading the more recent Broadway successes. Miss Laura Dierssen will manage the series. Patrons and patronesses so far include Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Colonel and Mrs. Rush Wallace, Flora Stewart, Clara Taft, Mrs. Jessie Lynch Williams, Mrs. Carmel Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote, Mrs. Karl Hoffman, Lorena Ray, Emily Pitkin, Rachel Hiller, Tilly Polak, Mrs. Charles Cabanis and Noel Sullivan.

Amy Warburton, well known teacher of personality development in the Bay District, has been spending a few days in Carmel, accompanied by Lou Sanders of Berkeley.

"Eddie" O'Brien, now of Hollywood, visited with Austin Reynolds in Carmel for a couple of days last week.

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The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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E. A. H. Watson & A. Porter Halsey
W. K. Bassett

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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September 17, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CAR-
MEL CYMBAL for the past six
months:

March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760

The August average weekly net
paid circulation of THE CYMBAL of
608 in the Carmel area (Carmel,
Carmel Highlands and Pebble
Beach) is far in excess of that of
any other Carmel newspaper.

BERNARD, YOU'RE AN EXPERT BOOKKEEPER, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS?

(Continued from Page One)

no denial of it, that Mayor Everett
Smith was empowered by the coun-
cil to employ an auditor. He did.
It isn't on record that he contracted
with the auditor. He merely said
to him: "Audit the books." He
might just as well have said: "Go
as far as you like." Because it ap-
pears that that is the language the
Shaff Brothers understood.They have, it appears, gone as
far as they like. Look at the figures:By July 1 of this year, the Shaff
Brothers had been paid for the
audit the sum of \$3,337.50.On July 7, the council authorized
a payment to Shaff Brothers of
\$250.There is now being held up by
the city clerk a warrant to Shaff
Brothers for \$250.Councilman Thoburn says that
there is another bill coming from
Shaff Brothers for \$200.So, \$3,337.50, plus \$250, plus
\$250, plus \$200 equals \$4,037.50.And the end, as far as we can
see, is not yet. There doesn't seem
to be any stopping these Shaff
Brothers. Certainly there has ap-
peared in open council no move to
stop them. They can go on and on
and on like Tennyson's Brook. The
only difference being that Tenny-
son's Brook isn't costing us any-
thing.But that isn't the funniest, nor
the saddest part of the matter.

Let's go back over those figures.

In June, when the total paid to
that date was \$2,812.50, the claim
of \$725 was paid by the council.
This brought the total to \$3,337.50.
But, and note this, the \$725 claim
bore the notation by Shaff Brothers:
"Balance due." In other words,
it would appear that the audit busi-
ness was all washed up—that the
\$725 closed it out. The total, then,
of \$3,337.50 was the bill for the

"go as far as you like" audit.

But, wait a minute.

In July appeared another claim
from Shaff Brothers—for \$250.
And on July 7, in council assem-
bled, our legislators passed this
claim.And on that claim was noted:
"Installation of Accounting Sys-
tem."Now let's begin to figure the cost
of "installation of accounting sys-
tem."We begin with that \$250 on
July 7.Then we add \$125 of the \$250
which is in, but being held by the
city clerk.Then we add \$200 which Coun-
cilman Thoburn says is coming in.Now, what about the books,
themselves? Fritz Wurzmans of
the Peninsula Typewriter Exchange
which is supplying them, admits he
is sending in a bill to the city for
them, but says that until the bill
is received by the city it isn't a
public record. So, having made a
casual study of book prices, we
guess that Wurzmans' bill will
be about \$150.Now, it may be possible, but in
view of past performances, we are
inclined to doubt it, that this bill
for books is included in the \$200
claim Thoburn says is on the hori-
zon and moving our way. On this
dubious possibility, we will not add
the estimated \$150.Then, we have, for "account
system" the following:July 7 claim of \$250, plus \$125,
being held up, plus \$200 still com-
ing in. That totals \$575 for an ac-
counting system and the books.If we add the estimated \$150
from Wurzmans (and perhaps we
should), the total is \$725 for the
accounting system.That's a pretty expensive ac-
counting system any way you look
at it. And if you look at it as it
should be looked at, look at the
facts in it, the thing is just too ri-
diculous for words. These are the
facts:Clayton Shaff provides a book
for Building Inspector B. W. Ad-
ams and offers to give his expert
accounting advice about using it.
Adams accepts the book, which he
doesn't like so very well and which
is no improvement over the one he
has except that it has a nice binding,
and also accepts 15 minutes instruc-
tion in using it.Clayton Shaff presents a book to
Police Judge George Ross. He of-
fers to explain its use. Judge Ross
doesn't need any explanation.Shaff labor on installing system
so far—15 minutes.Shaff brings some books to Sai-
dee Van Brower, the city clerk,
leaves them overnight and takes
them away again.Shaff service in installing ac-
counting system so far—15 min-
utes.And, which is still funnier or
sadder, the chances are 17 to 1 that
Miss Van Brower will refuse to
accept the books when and if Shaff
brings them back. And he has to
bring them back or Wurzmans
can't collect for them.And, more and more funnier or
sadder, Saidee doesn't have to ac-
cept those books. The council had
no authority to permit Shaff to get
them for her and Councilman Tho-
burn said at the council meeting

that Shaff had admitted this.

Now, may we ask Mr. Bernard
Rowntree, expert bookkeeper, what
he thinks about all this. We know,
that in the back of his mind Bern-
ard has a persisting idea that he
knows pretty well how to run the
city of Carmel. We know that he
has an equally persisting conviction
that he has been doing it success-
fully. Now we would like to ask
him how successful is this success?
Does he consider it economical?
Does he consider it sensible? Does
he consider it efficient?We don't ask him to come into
THE CYMBAL office and tell us.
We can't, in the light of circum-
stances, quite hope for that. But
would he tell John Jordan or Kent
Clark? They might be willing to
relay his answer to us. —W. K. B.

Townsend Denies Theft of Locks

Dear Mr. Bassett:

Last week you published an arti-
cle in THE CYMBAL about someone
having stolen the lock to the tennis
courts. When I read the article it
didn't occur to me that there was
the slightest implication that I
might have been the culprit. Tak!
Tsk! Mr. Bassett, you know I
wouldn't do a thing like that, but
on the strength of your article I
have been subjected to third degree
by the local police department and
I am sure that they are shadowing
me. It's terrible. I feel like a Com-
munist or a Democrat or something
awful like that, and I am none of
those things.Furthermore, since I complained
about the tennis courts being lock-
ed I have changed my mind. I
think they should be kept locked all
the time. It is more sporting to
have to climb the fence to play ten-
nis. If you are not good enough to
climb the fence you are not good
enough to play on Carmel's courts.
And then again if you must have
the key one should be obliged to
get it from Mr. Jackson? Isn't he
Chairman of the Park commission?
And, besides, he works hard at it;
and I really think he deserves a
lot of credit for it; but one can't
live on praise, one must sell a lot
now and then, and a stranger
might ask for the key to the courts
and, well, one can never tell who
might be a prospect.So you see, Mr. Bassett, I am a
very mild and understanding citi-
zen. Now, won't you please clear
my name of this charge of grand
theft and apologize or buy me a
cup of coffee for having written
that article about me.

Respectfully yours,

FRANK TOWNSEND

P. S. I would rather have the coffee
than the apology.

+ + +

Martha, Jane and Ann Millis left
Carmel last week after a short vis-
it. The girls are now enrolled in
school. Martha is a freshman at
Mills College and Jane and Ann
are at Hamlin's in San Francisco.

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Menuhin Oct. 22 Attraction at San Jose

Reservations are already pouring
into the Denny-Watrous offices in
San Jose and in Carmel for the
opening program of the San Jose
Winter Concert Series. Yehudi
Menuhin is the magic box office
name which is causing concert-go-
ers to underline heavily the date of
Friday, October 22, in their calen-
dars. The roll call for the series
includes, besides Menuhin, the
Jooss Ballet, a return engagement
with an entirely new program
(which we know will be well worth
packing your sandwiches in a box
and taking the family bus to San
Jose), the San Francisco Symphony
Orchestra under the direction of
Pierre Monteux, with a guest solo-
ist and the distinguished piano
team of Luboshutz and Nemenoff
who will play March 18 and close
the series. The Ballet is slated for
Monday, December 6, and the Sym-
phony for Friday, February 18.

+ + +

BURTON BOUNDEY WINS FIRST PRIZE FOR WATER COLOR

Burton Boundey, past superin-
tendent of the Carmel Federal Art
Project and member of the board of
directors of the Carmel Art Asso-
ciation, received first prize for his
watercolor at the State Fair Art
Show in Sacramento. A prize of
\$100 was awarded to the artist.
Edith Maguire of Monterey, also a
member of the Carmel Art Asso-
ciation, received fourth prize at the
Sacramento show.

+ + +

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CLANGING CYMBALS



To Editor Irwin:
Up the Alley.
Dear Bill:

I'm going to slip this in the basket and wait with baited (with buttermilk) breath to see if HE will publish it. There's no reason why HE should that I can see.

HE thought you were mad at me. But of course you aren't. And I do fullsomely like the chin-chucking picture. A puzzled friend asked me if the object in my hand was a still-etto to protect myself in the clinches. Could I have the original drawing—autographed? Yours is the second autograph I ever asked for. The other fellow was a nice guy, too. Spare sort of chap by the name of Wilson. Woodrow.

Don't you think we might let our Public in on Janie's rag on us? Public, it was like this: Bill and I, a couple cubs, dropped in on Janie, an Old Hand. While there ingesting journalistic erudition, the telephone rang. Janie at the telephone: "Yes... NO!... well, why didn't Bill O'Donnell tell me...?"

Tearing our notebooks from under our shirts, where we keep them pinned with large safety pins, and finding no wires to tap, William and I put our ears as proximate to that phone as feasible.

"Yes?" Janie, eagerly
"Where?" My God... I don't believe it... an illegitimate child... in the sweet pickle jar... under the cat bin... Oh, God, NO!
Not SHE! Yes, I'll be right there... the coroner?
Hey, you brats, who's coroner?"

We aren't very good at thinking up neat tricks, Bill and I. But you can't beat us at the fundamentals. And, to date, our plan is simply to call out the Ambulance, the Fire Department, the Dog Catcher and both Editors of the Pine Cone at three one morning soon and give ourselves up to justice for the raucous, sleazish, bloodsome slaughter of the late Mrs. Clay Otto.

And, Bill Sweet, I spell my name
LYnda.

P.S. About the buttermilk, I had to sell my herd when the Professor walked out on me, but now and then there's a trickle. A trickle...

While we're at it, addressing communications to our fellow craftsmen, it's no end fun to get a fly drunk, Phil, we're sure. But did you ever get a cow drunk? Your touching little epic reminded us of *Jessie the Jersey*, and her most fitting end. *Jessie* was as ornery a one-horned old renegade of a female as we've met, what with hither and yon. Our introduction to her, while not really unique in human experience, was unknown in ours. We were eight and at that time we wore a contraption to hold up our socks known in the dear dead days as a Ferris Waist. Our Mother had sent us into the cornfield for, believe it or not, corn. The technique of selecting fit corn for the table is to squat solemnly before a stalk, and dig both thumb-nails carefully through the husks to test the validity of the kernels. We had squat. And just as we had, a smooth ticklish thing, cool and not unpleasant to the touch, slid up under our Ferris Waist and performing the most expert of sudden upward motions, catapulted us high over the corn and flat in the ripe tomato patch. We shall never be able adequately to do justice in words to the quaint and jaunty sen-

sation of sailing through the air like that. Carefully extracting our nose from a very dark red tomato, we looked up to see *Jessie* cropping away at our stalk of corn, with the twinkle of an overripe old hag in the corners of her eyes.

From that day on, we grew to love *Jessie*. As a parent, *Jessie* was a washout. The act she put on with her young was tremendous. She'd sulk and hook. She'd break into the turnip patch on purpose to give them sour milk; she'd sit down on her udder. *Jessie* was an old hussy, too. No bull was safe around her. And no fence could contain our *Jessie*. She wandered over them sort of absentmindedly and into the neighboring clover with the *roue* air she had from carrying her head slightly on one side. In short, she was completely unregenerate and when, as rarely happened, *Jessie* had nothing to do and stood forlorn with her uncrumpled horn in the midst of the corn, we were always willing to back up to her, wait for her to slide the horn up under the Ferris Waist, and go for the ride.

One fine evening in the latter years of *Jessie's* life—we might say, the last year—we went to fetch the cows home and found them in the apple orchard. On the ground were—or had been—many good juice-some old rotting fruits and Boy, did those cows come home! Raring drunk, they were and hard put to make it up the lane. They stumbled and fell, staring solemnly with their large eyes at their knees. They crumpled up against each other; they reared and hooted. And in the forefront of the cavalcade was *Jessie the Jersey* in her element. We stood and waited for her to come on and she came straight at us like a streak. But just as she was about to lower her old stump of a horn at us, she suddenly let out a terrific moo, reared back on her hind legs, jumped over a four-foot wide stone wall and fell dead on the other side. *Viva lieta*.

Mrs. Ora Jewell has the most fascinating sign in her front window. "Funeral sprays, designs and corsages."

Not to mince any words about it, we're glad to see new life injected into this old funeral business. What with gamagenesis taking a new lease on life, something certainly ought to be done about prettying up the other end of this business of living. Send a corsage, and may the recipient be the life of the party.

Not that we would have any use for one-ourself. Vaulted away in a stone structure somewhat east of the Rockies is a duly attested document leaving our miserable bones to the Harvard Medical School. We saw one of the dandiest little soft leather books once, filled with tele-

phone numbers and such, in the hands of one of the Medi students. Well, what the hell do we want with the skin between our neck and our thighs after we get "tapped for skull and bones," as Mr. Woolcott has it.

—LYNDA SARGENT

Personalities & Personals

Eric Koster, who was connected with the publicity department of the Del Monte Properties Company until a few months ago and is now with 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood, paid Carmel a visit over the last week-end. Koster both looks and acts as though he were doing well for himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell entertained at a tennis tournament and buffet luncheon Friday at their delightful ranch home in the Carmel Valley. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Miss Mary Morse, Miss Mary Jane Ford, Howland Russell, Alec Henderson, William Wheeler, Jr., Richard Tevis, Gordon Armsby, W. W. Crocker, C. Pardee Erdman.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Thomas are at La Playa for the month of September. The couple have been coming here since 1918. Thomas is a well known painter. Many notables have sat for him in the Thomas studio and home in La Crescenta.

Mlle. Marie Magdalene Troupin, living at Forest Lodge, gave the first of a series of French teas yesterday afternoon. Mlle. Troupin hopes to have these *Causeries*, conversation teas, every few weeks to bring together those who would like to brush up on their French.

Plans for the coming year for the Carmel Missionary Society were discussed at an English tea at the home of Mrs. John W. Dickinson on The Point last Friday afternoon. Those who gathered to make out the program were the Rev. Carel Hulswé, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Mrs. David Nixon, Miss Agnes Williston, Miss Mary Barnes and Miss Flora Gifford. The society expects to study "The Moslem World" and "Rebuilding America."

Margie Buck, who with her parents, the Frank Bucks, spent the summer in the Henry Dickinson home in Carmel, writes from San Francisco that she has a perfectly swell apartment in the city with a studio on the roof thrown in.

Margie will be studying portrait painting and drawing at the California School of Fine Arts this winter.

Mrs. Lucille Crompton, who has been in charge of rentals at the Carmel Investment Company for the past six months, left Carmel Tuesday with her daughter, Barbara, to make her home in Berkeley. Barbara is entering the University of California this semester.

GUSTAV DE PACKH, WOOD CARVER, OPENS SHOP

Gustav De Packh, the wood carver who carves anything from a watch charm Scottie to a guest book cover, or even a front door if you asked him, has found that business has been good, even better than he hoped when he came to Carmel last Spring from Hollywood. In fact, it has been so good that he has outgrown his quarters in Mrs. Edwards' Gift Shop in the Carmel Theatre Building and is moving to a shop of his own on Dolores street two doors south of Ocean. It's fascinating to watch this artist carve. He does it so easily. But that's from years of practice, 35 years, to be exact. First it was a hobby, learned in Europe, but for the past ten years it has been his mode of making a living.

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Paul Sample, some of whose work was shown at Margaret Lial's Studio while the "California Group" was here, has a portfolio of watercolors in the September issue of *Fortune* magazine. The series depict the active life of eight United States seaports, not including New York and San Francisco. Take a peek at them on the Carmel Library table as you go through.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

Everybody's going over the hill for fish dinners on the wharf in Monterey—or perhaps I'm just beginning to hear about them. The popular places seem to be the little fish markets right out on the wharf. Victor's is a particularly good one where you can get a whole meal, from shrimp or crab cocktail to dessert, for only 65 cents. And there appears to be a unanimous opinion that the salmon is super excellent!

Speaking of fish dinners reminds me of one my chum and I prepared years ago, after we had had our first few public school cooking lessons. Her mother had nobly turned the kitchen over to us and we went to work to demonstrate what we had learned. I can't remember anything except that the pièce de résistance was fish chowder and that we also made a cake. The two courses used up about every cooking utensil in the kitchen because in school the method was to let each girl attend to one part of the recipe and use her own pot or pan for it. So we tried out our salt pork in one kettle, cooked the onions in a second, the fish in a third, the potatoes in a fourth and heated the milk in a fifth. The separate ingredients were then all combined in a sixth kettle before serving! . . . I don't remember that we washed the dishes for that meal, but I think we certainly should have been made to.

Among the good things to eat manufactured right here on our peninsula are Madame Pirenne's spicy conserves and salad dressing and Mrs. Ira Decker's fine orange marmalade. By the way, did you know that the pleasant young man who recently opened a grocery store in Mr. Weaver's meat market is Mrs. Decker's son? There used to be an awful lot of blank wall and empty floor space until Mr. Staniford filled it up with his drugstore while waiting to get into the new Leidig building. The perfumes and soap didn't go so well with the pork chops, but now Mr. Decker has brought in vegetables and fruits and made it a thoroughly compatible union.

And now it's glass that everything's made of—clothes and draperies even! But the kitchen line is what I'm more interested in at the moment. Glass to bake in is no novelty, of course, but glass to use on top of the stove, right on the flame or electric burner—that's the latest. Frying pans and lovely clean, clear glass stew pans! There are detachable handles which clamp on very cleverly made of heat-proof glass. The most fascinating kitchen utensil made of "Flame-ware" is a perfectly beautiful double boiler, upper and lower sections both of glass and both usable right on the heat just like enamel or aluminum. It's much easier to clean than aluminum and there's nothing to chip off like enamel. You can see them at the Carmel Hardware or Bonham's. Do take a look at them!

Did you know that you can get Triscuit that is salted now? It has a grand buttery taste. This family has gone nuts about it and it's our favorite cracker—if you can call it a cracker. Anyhow, it has a crisp crunchiness that makes it hard to stop eating once you start. The only drawback is that you don't

get such an awful lot in a box and a family of four, like ours, can make a fifteen-cent package disappear like nobody's business. So naturally it was good news to me to find that at the Quality Market you can get two boxes of Triscuit for two bits. Every nickel helps make a muckle!

I was looking over the shelf of books at the library on diet and cooking the other day, but I hadn't time to examine the dozen or more volumes singly, so I picked out one with the promising title "Short Cut Cookery" and hurried home to get dinner. Sometimes, when it seems as if meals came around with a kind of perpetual-motion endlessness, it helps to get someone else's slant on the subject. Writers of cookbooks always make you feel how important your job is—and does that help raise one's morale! In her preface to "Short Cut Cookery" Mabel Claire says: "Cooking should be the most interesting of household tasks, because it lends itself to creative expression. Once it is understood, cooking is something to get enthusiastic about." Even if you don't actually create any new recipe you can get fun out of cooking by trying what other people have created. And who can deny that an unusually good meal is something to get enthusiastic about? I'll tell you more about the "Short Cut Cookery" another time.

If you don't like to poke around among the latest kitchen gadgets, then I fear you aren't getting as much fun out of housekeeping as you should. To say nothing of missing the things that help shorten the time you have to put into housework. Every time I have a few minutes to browse in Holman's basement kitchen department I find something amusing, or new to me. Hardly an implement is now alive—I mean, there's hardly a kitchen utensil that hasn't been improved by the march of progress. For instance, hand food-choppers, the kind you use with a wooden bowl. Now they come with handles like a fat round ball, easy to grasp and hold, and with double blades. If that doesn't do the work in half the number of chops my arithmetic is all wet. This kind, which is a particularly sturdy variety, costs 60 cents, but there's a fascinating smaller chopper, with two blades crossing each other at right angles, and yellow or green ball handles, which is only 12 cents!

Oranges, in the simple days of my New England childhood, were about in the class of turkeys considered as food luxuries. Only on Thanksgiving and Christmas did that rare fruit shed its golden lustre on our dining table. Apples we had the year round, big barrels full kept in the new cellar. The most delicious peaches ever grown we ate by the dozen right from the trees, sun-warm and drippingly juicy and sweet, and all winter those big jars of preserved peaches, swimming in their rich syrup, were our favorite dessert.

But the gods had bestowed on my best friend an uncle who lived in Florida. And as I shared in everything else she possessed, from the swing in the garden to the magnificent doll house upstairs, so it was my good fortune to profit by the existence of her Uncle Lorenzo. His charming southern drawl and his kindly courteous manner to us

little girls made him a glamorous figure on his rare visits north. It was Uncle Lorenzo who was responsible for our being on closer terms of familiarity with oranges than probably any other children in our little town. Every winter big crates of oranges arrived and were stored in the cellar. And when the fancy struck us we were free to go downstairs and help ourselves! We used to peel off the tough outer rind from the top third of the orange—and then eat it the way the Cranford ladies did theirs: "Sucking (only I think she used some more recondite word) was in fact the only way of enjoying oranges." But we certainly did not retire to privacy as they did, and the fact that, as Miss Jenkyns put it, "the juice all ran out nobody knew where," was the least of our worries. We went at the business with energy and never stopped till the skin was inside out and stripped clean of the last fibre. I don't remember now but I presume that some adult saw to it that we afterwards washed our faces and hands. Like so many things of childhood which glow bright when viewed through the rose spectacles of a sometimes deceitful memory, those oranges had a marvelous flavor never again to be duplicated.

—CONSTANT EATER

+ + +

GROUP HEARS SURGEON TALK ABOUT SPANISH WAR

A group of interested Carmel and Peninsula people gathered at the Greene Studio on Lincoln street last Sunday evening to see the film, "Heart of Spain," and listen to a talk by Dr. Edward K. Barsky, chief surgeon for the medical bureau, on Spain. Dr. Barsky is on a tour of the country to raise funds for the aid of Spanish Democracy and spoke of his many experiences on the hospital front. He is attempting to establish a hospital caravan which can travel near the front lines and thereby alleviate the need for dangerous transport of the wounded.

+ + +

LOCKS HAVE BEEN RECOVERED; TOWNSEND FREE MAN AGAIN

The locks to the two tennis courts have been found—buried in the dirt near the courts—and police surveillance of Frank Townsend has been withdrawn. Townsend's persistent denial that he had confiscated the locks had little effect on those who were building circumstantial evidence against him—evidence based on motive—because it had been definitely established that if there is one thing in the world Townsend hates it's a lock on a tennis court gate. He doesn't mind them almost any other place.

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'Dreaming Lips' With Bergner At Filmarte

Lovely Elisabeth Bergner gets herself into a triangle with her musician husband and a famous violinist in the picture, "Dreaming Lips," which is being shown at the Filmarte for five days starting Sunday. The screen story was adapted by Carl Meyer from Bergner's great European stage success, "Melo," by Henri Bernstein. Miss Bergner's director-husband, Paul Czinner, produced and directed the picture which is released by United Artists for American consumption.

The picture has great dramatic moments and some lighter, gayer moods during which La Bergner turns a couple of somersaults and does a rumba. Her two male leads are Raymond Massey and Romney Brent.

The technicolor version of "The Garden of Allah," with Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat, will be the program for this evening. Saturday will find Edward Arnold answering the old lumbermill call of "Come and Get It" taken from the story by Edna Ferber.

Gardeners Meet And Organize

The charter meeting of the Peninsula Professional Gardeners' Association was held last Friday evening at Sunset School. Officers were elected and the association policy was outlined. The group is to be non-sectarian, non-union, and primarily educational. The object of the association will be to exchange ideas and to promote fellowship among the professional gardeners on the Peninsula. They hope to have "garden clinics" with out-of-town speakers for future programs of the club. Dean Robertson was elected president, Wallace Doolittle, secretary-treasurer, and Everett Smith, corresponding secretary. The next meeting will be Friday, September 24.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

This week I'll have to be critical of Henrietta Shore.

I'll have to put on my spectacles with the long velvet noose and part my hair in the middle and don spats for a trot down to the Santa Cruz post office to view her—ah—murals.

After being told that I couldn't help miss seeing them as I entered the portico, I was amazed at seeing nothing. I went down a side alley to look, and behold—nothing!

Debating whether to ask the postmaster if he could direct me to Miss Shore's paintings or to take a chance to go up some stairs to the second floor, I hesitated a moment. And—behold! There they were, right over my nose!

High up on the walls, something like 20 feet above, although perhaps I exaggerate, were the murals, semi-circles of about six-foot diameter.

On either side were green fields of artichokes and brussels sprouts, one of which carried the eye out over the immense blue, intensely blue, Pacific. Between these two panels were two depicting Henry Cowell's limestone quarries and the—ah—fishing industry.

These, we were told in columns of a morning Santa Cruz paper which circulates chiefly among the dozing church-going gentry of "Coney Island across the Bay," depicted the industries of Santa Cruz county.

And here is where I must be critical of either the WPA or Miss Shore for choice of subjects. I recommend, and on my own good authority, an immense mural of a Giant Dipper with hilarious holiday visitors screaming as the little red trucks careen over the rickety tracks, and another showing inebriate gentlemen and ladies working—ah—slot machines.

A third mural might be suitable for either Pacific Grove post office or Santa Cruz post office, displaying in those gorgeous Shore colors a dozen Presbyterian elders asleep in their pews, content that the devil has been put in hell for a very good purpose.

For a fourth mural I am almost at a loss, but perhaps we might have rain in Cherry Blossom Lane, for that is what the Soquel farmers cry loudest about each spring, and, believe me, they make some racket when they start crying.

But, returning to Miss Shore's art, I might suggest that a somewhat closer attention to reality might have been advisable in the case of the mural depicting the fishing industry as carried on at Santa Cruz. Miss Shore has a huge purse seiner. Instead there should have been a little fish boat swung on davits from the wharf. That is characteristic of Santa Cruz, where purse seiners never unload.

Then the rock quarry mural—that reminds me so much of Jim Fitzgerald's WPA painting for the Monterey Customs House. Truly, there is more local character in the Davenport quarry and cement plant than that. I ask Miss Shore to take a drive up the coast to see the cement plant's employees' homes covered with the fine grey dust, the trees, fields, mountains, all covered with the wind-blown silt. Here they are tearing down mountains to make cement, instead of digging a little rock out to make the breakwater.

The artichoke field is excellent, and this subject Miss Shore knows well. If the market had any good artichokes this early in the season

I should have gone forthwith and bought a dozen to take home and eat, so cool and delicious were the colors used for this panel.

But why green fields? As if one were not enough to stampede the local citizenry into eating more artichokes, or sprouts, Santa Cruz county has a fairly large lumbering business, the remnant of a once wealthy industry in the redwood and Douglas fir covered hills.

Here we must give Miss Shore all the credit due for her perfectly swell colors and the thoroughly masculine lines of her male figures. She is not, like many artists, eager to hide her subjects, but makes them stand out clearly, as rocks, or boats, or artichokes, and the mural, in demanding these qualities of color and form, is an ideal field for her efforts.

As I was thinking all these weighty thoughts, I was suddenly disturbed by a voice, which proved to be that of none other than the Swiss gentleman, Joseph Sutter, of Los Angeles, who was engaged to "hang," though it did look more like pasting, Henrietta Shore's murals away up there under the ceiling.

He had just got through and was inspecting his work. He spoke to his helper in an enchanting singsong that reminded me of yodelling, but I failed to ask him if his voice got that way calling sheep in the Swiss mountains. After all, it might have been strain from hanging the murals so high.

Carmel may well be proud of its library. I have finally decided after seeing what Santa Cruz has to offer. We can consider our tax money well spent here. For one thing our librarians are too intelligent to place Albert Londres' Road to Buenos Aires in the Travel section. On the other hand, *Untrodden Roads in Anthropology* was well segregated among books of biology. I am sure it would be a popular hit in our own library.

Up at China Camp in the Tassajara hot springs region of the upper Carmel Valley a market hunting ring has been operating, it was revealed this week with the arrest of three Watsonville men who pleaded guilty to killing numerous deer at night and selling the venison.

Will the albacore return? is the question that haunts the fishermen of Monterey as the full moon period nears. The full moon in September is the time ordained, as it were, for going out to sea to look for the albacore. A few fish will send dozens of tiny boats rushing thirty, forty, some even fifty miles out in search of the spoils which may make quick money for the lucky ones.

Professor and Mrs. Pedro de Lemos of Palo Alto, who have been vacationing in Carmel at their home here on Carmelo, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Esther Ruth, to James Morton, Jr., of Stillwater, Oklahoma. Miss de Lemos has been a student at the California College of Art and the Chouinard School of Art in Los Angeles. The date for the wedding has not been announced.

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We Save Tax Ordinance By Getting Seal On It—Birney Adams Helped

Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, tossed a bombshell into the meeting of the city council Tuesday night—a bombshell that threatened to wreck the municipality of Carmel as a certain nut-cracking young man in "The Prince and the Pauper" nearly wrecked the British Empire.

Saidee announced, with bated breath, that the Great Seal of the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea (drat the name) refused to function; that it would be necessary to send it to San Francisco for a new spring, or something; that—and on this one Kent Clark, the town's abiding taxpayer, seated in the back row of the lobby, moved restlessly in his chair—she had as yet been unable to place it on the tax ordinance!

This was serious. A few of the council tried to laugh it off. But you can't laugh the Great Seal of the City of Carmel-by-(No!) off. There was a tense moment and then the machinery of government moved on, a bit decrepitly, one thought, as it would without the Great Seal.

But all has been saved. We saved it. We saved it despite the fact that it would have been to our advantage not to save it. Our newspaper sense told us that here was a story that should be writ in letters of lead on the dawn of a thousand lands, if it held. It was up to us, if we were to uphold the honor of our profession, to make it hold. We went to Saidee's office—Wednesday to get the facts that would put the finishing touches on a story that would rank second only to the murder of an Austrian prince as tragic news of uttermost import.

But there—on Saidee's counter—stood the Great Seal of Carmel! Saidee was fixing us with her eye, but we could have with a quick thrust of our right arm precipitated it to the floor and to probable destruction. Did we? Did our heart, giving its all to the Fourth Estate, do this? It did not—that something in every man which lifts him close to the gods asserted itself (for the first surprising time in our life) and we let it stand.

More than that—we leaped a cloud or two higher than the gods—we insisted that as long as the Seal was there the tax ordinance should be produced forthwith and inserted between the jaws of the grinning thing. It was so done. At our insistence Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, brought forth the tax ordinance and the Seal was stamped thereon at exactly 3:52 o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 15, in the year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Seven.

It appears that B. W. Adams,

building inspector, played a small part in this. He investigated the Seal before Miss Van Brower had a chance to dispatch it to San Francisco. He bathed it in oil. That, apparently, was all the spring needed. It was not broken, it was not even bent; it was suffering, possibly, from arthritis. The oil did it. It came back to life and living. It functioned.

Birney Adams may have fixed the Seal—it was we who fixed the Tax Ordinance.

+ + +

Rep. Buck Gets Met by Some Peninsulans

Congressman Frank H. Buck of Vacaville was introduced to a group of (we were going to say "Democrats" when we glanced down the list again) Peninsula worthies at a luncheon at Hotel San Carlos in Monterey Tuesday. Argyll Campbell staged the party and, it is understood, that it had something to do with the possible aspirations of Congressman Buck to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor next summer. At any rate the primary was discussed and registration of voters urged.

Congressman Buck has been enjoying three weeks of Carmel as a rest after the hot and strenuous session in Washington. He gave those at the luncheon many interesting sidelights and comments on the congressional situation and the recent legislation.

Those who met the congressman and broke bread with him were Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Miller, George Allan Smith, Frederick R. Bechdolt, Emmett McMennamin, Argyll Campbell, Gordon Campbell, Carmel Martin, Dr. L. E. Clay and Eugene A. H. Watson.

Miss Gertrude Branner of Los Angeles has been the house-guest of Roe Marie Arlen, daughter of Mrs. Byington Ford, for the past few days. The two girls went back to their studies this week with the opening of the Douglas Schools in Pebble Beach.

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THE CYMBAL'S ROVING REPORTER

You can't stop Nick. (Nick as you know can stop you if you take a notion to break into a Carmel store after dark, but that's another story.) Nick and California were born on the same day, the ninth of September. The State has the edge on Nick by 25 years. That makes him 62 and proud of it.

Nick, of course, swings the wickedest horseshoe in the Commonwealth of California. His birthday found him out early, tossing them high, wide, and handsome. 62 ringers; 62 Gordon Spit horseshoes over the stake, ker-plop, ker-plop. And one for growing. 63. "Now," sez he, "let's see how long I'll be living." Over and over the peg they dropped until it looked as though old Methuselah would shortly be a mere also-ran. "What you hafta do," says Nick, "is get a holt and practise that holt." You can see for yourself how it works out. Nick's daily score on the grounds back of the Carmel Bakery indicates that he has practised his own chosen holt until it does his bidding in a manner astonishing to us unpractised bumpkins.

"It seems onnatural," observed Nick, shooting his 75th ringer over the peg, "that a man can control that shoe."

75 ringers, count 'em, 75. But we don't believe that 75 years can defeat Nick. Not him. He gets taller and tougher each birthday. With Paul Bunyan, Nick Nixon will be doing his stuff lustily at 75, 85, on and on—rolling up Carmel sidewalks at midnight with a twist of the wrist, a nonchalant flip of the thumb.

That Carmel Summer Season (ask the nearest realtor) is said to be over, to have departed at approximately five o'clock of a recent dour and foggy Monday afternoon when outlanders packed into the old automobile and went sprawling and melting away from our tight little town via all available highways and ancient shortcuts.

Maybe the season is dead. We don't know. But, if so, that very Labor Day evening saw an autumnal flowering in at least one of Carmel's moister social centers. Summer's demise, fall's graceful onslaught, or celebration of our guests' departure, we cannot say. Be that as it may, Whitney's cock-

tail room came suddenly a-bloom along about 11 p.m. with a kind of peninsular intermural friendliness. And blossoms. Blossoms, to be sure, authentically autumnal. Asters, cerise, large as the heart of the lad who leans across the bar and says, "You my buddy? Sure you're my buddy. 'Ve a drink!" Authentic asters and authentic neighborliness. "Daddy" Ernst from Pop Ernst's over on the wharf, and his daughter. A whole happy assemblage of authentic señoritas and—what's the word?—duennas, or whatever they become when they grow up. Real ones, too, who talk Spanish and look very nice with cerise asters behind their ears.

Our No. 1 Rover went after Bill Gaines this week and has reported back with voluminous figures. Bill Gaines, in case names mean anything to you, is the chimney sweep and, as is the way with chimney sweeps, advertises the fact on an accentuated, or augmented, plug hat which crowns his brow.

Bill is Carmel's chimney sweep, more, he is the Peninsula's chimney sweep, more still, he is the supreme chimney sweep on the coast line between South San Francisco and Santa Barbara, dipping in sometimes as far as Hollister.

For 18 years this has been his beat, and, according to the Rover's galaxy of figures, if you took all the chimneys Bill has cleaned in those 18 years and piled them one on top of the other and clum up 'em, you'd get farther into the stratosphere than Professor Picard does with his balloons.

Bill says his average for a day's sweeping of chimneys is four, or about 20 a five-day week. Bill didn't say he didn't sweep chimneys on Saturdays, and of course he doesn't on Sundays, his religious convictions being what they are, but he gave us the daily average as four and the weekly as 20 and four goes that into 20.

He has cleaned as many as 29 chimneys in three days, with a helper. He did that over in Watsonville, last March, because for some reason or other the Watsonville people began to burn apple wood in their stoves and grates and apple wood is swell for filling up chimneys, so Bill says.

Most of his jobs around here are in what we defy the no-class-distinction agitators by calling the "better" homes. Most of them are down on San Antonio and Scenic Drive, over in Pebble Beach, and at the Highlands. Just the other day Bill did eight chimneys for the Del Monte Properties at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

As for this part of his beat—the Monterey Peninsula—Bill focusses his mind on it from the end of June to the beginning of October, and accomplishes, he figures, about 200 chimneys during that period.

Of course, if you have a mercenary mind, you'll be interested in knowing that Bill gets from \$2 to \$3 a chimney, depending on the interior expanse of it, and the depth of the soot in it.

F. C. Barker, who says he likes San Francisco and Carmel, returned a few days ago to Santa Barbara with his new bride, whom he also likes. With them was Alfonso Lopez, also of Santa Barbara. On the eve of departure, the trio were still endeavoring to say "hello" to Mrs. Richard Bare, whose mother they had just greeted at San Francisco as she debarked from the liner Monterey freshly docked from Honolulu.

Scout Program For Fall Begun

The Fall Scouting program of the Carmel Boy Scout District Committee opened with a luncheon at The Blue Bird last week. Present at the meeting, presided over by Herb Brownell, district chairman, and Al Young, Scout Council executive, were Louis Levinson, Fremont Ballou, Walter Gaddum, Everett Smith, B. F. Dixon, Fred Decker, Jack Canoles, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Carl Moll, Joe Catherwood, By Ford, Otto W. Bardarson and Jack Schroeder. Plans for troop activities and the appointment of additional adult leaders were discussed. Walter Kellogg, an experienced Scoutmaster, formerly of Redwood City, but now a resident of Carmel, will take over Troop 39, assisted by Ballou and Fred Decker. Troop 86 will continue under the leadership of Carl Moll and assistant scoutmaster Harry Perkins. The Sea Scouts will be guided by Commander M. J. Peterson and Leonard Johnson, and the Cub Pack by the Den Mothers, Mrs. W. S. Froli, Mrs. D. A. Pelton and Mrs. M. R. Stoddard, who will have their first meeting next week.

A Fun-O-Ral will be staged for the local scouts this afternoon under the direction of B. F. Dixon, assisted by members of the committee. Starting with a paper chase, which begins at the Scout House at Eighth and Mission and ends at an unknown location, where the boys will find a big bonfire and eat for the crowd, the evening will wind up with songs and stories.

The Monterey Bay Area Council will be hosts at a Camporee October 9 and 10 at the State Redwood Park at Big Sur. About 2500 boys from Northern California will gather at the meeting.

Seen in Carmel this week were Charlie O'Brien, Junior, and Edith O'Brien of San Jose having lunch with Mrs. W. R. Holman and her daughter, Harriet. O'Brien is manager of the famous San Jose confectionery shop. The O'Briens and the Holmans were fellow passengers on the S. S. Virginia on a trip through the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fennings Todd have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Henry Cross Dahleen of San Jose. Dahleen, a Stanford graduate and now enrolled in the Stanford Medical School, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Dahleen of San Jose. Elizabeth Todd is a graduate of the University of California and has many friends in Carmel.

Ladies of the Guild of All Saints Church and their friends were present at a benefit luncheon at the Rush Wallace home in Pebble Beach Wednesday. The proceeds from the luncheon will go toward guild activities.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Fritz (Dionne) Johnson is passing out cigars because Mrs. Fritz Johnson, née Snoonie Fish, presented him with quintuplets. The mother and children are doing nicely and are at home at the Dick Johnson residence. Congratulations, Fritz!

A young fellow who shows promise of following in the footsteps of his famous father is Peter Staniford. (Peter's father, Tito Benito Michael, won first honors in a Dog Show at Madison Square Garden in New York.)

Peter is a wire-haired terrier, a little over a year old now and his master, Bill Staniford, is training him in show manners. But Peter's tail just won't behave. Peter gets all posed nicely, the way he should stand before the judges—and down goes the stubby tail. Neither Peter nor Bill knows just why, but down goes the tail just the same. Bill is going to try tying a toy balloon to the tail.

However, Peter says he would rather be a politician than a show dog and sat up on his hind legs and made a very impressive speech to prove his point.

Brutus Pennell is greatly in favor of college education because it helps one think things out for one's self, he says. (He was educated by Professor Lawson of the University of California.)

"Take this problem, for example," says Brutus. "During the summer, while my family (Mrs.

Ruth Pennell and the boys) was away I stayed with the W. K. Bassetts. They were very nice to me and I became very much attached to them. Now my family has returned and I want to go back to them—but I don't want to leave the Bassetts. What should I do? Well, I just went off by myself and sat and thought and thought as Professor Lawson told me to, and pretty soon I thought of a way to have my family and the Bassetts, too. On Saturdays and Sundays and holidays, I stay at home and play with the boys—but on week days I pay a daily visit to the Bassetts. Of course, they live at the opposite side of town, but I am a Malamute and quite husky so I am used to long walks. Now don't you think I am a smart fellow to figure that out all by myself, just with my college education?"

That handsome young playboy seen around the vicinity of North Camino Real is Poodie Jacco. He belongs to Mrs. H. Jacco and comes from the famous "Baycrest" line of Sealyhams owned by Dr. and Mrs. Kehr. Poodie has a roguish eye and a debonaire manner that has all the girls agog.

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Adult Education Classes At Sunset Get Off to Good Start for Season

Cars parked up and down San Carlos and lights burning brightly in different sections of Sunset School from 7 to 9 o'clock Monday night attested to the community interest in the opening of the Adult Education classes in Carmel.

Students in the various classes started work almost as soon as they got their names signed on the register and got their coats and hats off.

In Mrs. Leota Tucker's photography class, always popular and profitable, 10 enrollees watched their instructor demonstrate her very fine enlarger which she has installed in the music room. From a small snapshot, Mrs. Tucker made an 11-by-14 enlargement. Class work will be divided into two sections, both working at the same time. Part of her time, Mrs. Tucker will devote to beginners, showing them the mysteries of the dark room, teaching them developing and printing and later on enlarging. The advanced pupils will start in wherever they left off.

Mrs. Tucker plans to make a special study of portrait photography and lighting so that her students may take photographs at home. She hopes to be able to discuss modern methods of picture making with the group. Several Camera Clubs have been the outgrowth of Mrs. Tucker's classes, among them the Carmel Camera Club, one in Pacific Grove and another in Salinas.

A great majority of the 15 students who enrolled in the Pottery and Woodworking Class with Ernest Calley in the Shop at the school Monday night had dirty fingernails and a hand formed bowl for two hours' enjoyable work. A smaller group got started on breadboards and benches, and so forth. Calley's program for amateur potters begins with a bowl, which is the simplest pottery form. It is first hand-formed from a lump of clay, then made by the coiling method. Calley says that very few students get to the point of perfection where they can really use the potter's wheel, principally because it is an art which takes a great deal of perseverance and quite a lot of brawn as well as brain. The kiln, which can hold almost 200 pieces at one time, will soon be roaring away with the prime efforts of the mud daubers. We give you warning, though, before you start, that great big pot you want to make to hold grandmother's geraniums will have shrunk one-sixth before you are through with it and may be only big enough to hold a handful of pinks. Just water evaporation, not anybody trying to swipe a bit of clay for his own pot.

A dozen energetic souls got a taste of the ten weeks' series of rhythmic exercises they will receive from instructor Miriam Watson every Monday night at the School gymnasium from 7:15 to 9:15. By the time the classes are over all the stoops, squats and slouches of at least a dozen people will be reduced to a minimum and those that don't need any extra attention along that line will be blithely tripping along our main drags with heads high. The course includes work on posture, relaxation (that's the one we want), reducing and body building, abdomen and hip exercises, arm and leg exercises, back and shoulder exercises, balance, coordination and lots of very plain and fancy exercise patterns. (Not the kind you get down on the floor and cut out.) At the Wednesday night class Mrs. Watson will have two hours of gym work, no patterns at all unless it's the pattern you make on

the floor as you sprawl after the medicine ball.

We have no opportunity of telling about the opening meeting of the dressmaking and homemaking class conducted Thursday afternoon by Ailyn Enos. We were down there taking up the hem in our last year's dress and didn't have time to write up the class. More next time.

—V. C. S.

What Know You About Grizzlies?

You've heard about the famous California grizzly bear, but did you ever see the actual photograph of one of them?

You may think you have, but the chances are you haven't.

Because why? Because Louis S. Slevin, who recently opened a stationery store on Ocean avenue, south side, between Lincoln and Dolores streets (and is doing quite well, thank you) possesses the only photograph of one extant.

That is, when a guy named Grinnell got out his recent book, "Fur Bearing Animals of California," he reproduced in it a photograph of a grizzly, taken by this same Louis Slevin, and noted that it was the only one he could find.

When interviewed (and Louis Slevin is the hardest man to interview this side of Hollywood) the local stationery store operator admitted the charge and reluctantly furnished the information that he had taken the picture of *Monarch*, the famous California grizzly, at Golden Gate Park in 1899. Soon after, or within a reasonable time after, *Monarch* died. Why nobody else had ever taken a picture of the bear, or if someone else had, why Louis Slevin should have been the only one to have saved his, we don't pretend to know. We simply present the facts as we painfully extracted them from Slevin.

Next week we have a story about a steam tram in Sydney, Australia, also connected with this man Slevin. How swell it is that such a source of information should have decided to open up for business in Carmel. We hope he's going to like it here.

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LYNN HODGES COMPLETELY FORGETS WHERE HE IS

You've seen strangers in town do it, but did you ever see a long-time native do it?

Well, no less a Carmel antiquary than Lynn Hodges did it last week.

He approached Ocean avenue from the south on San Carlos street, stopped respectfully at the button, and then turned deliberately west. It was not until he found himself in front of Conrad Imelman's store, and the startled east-bound traffic presented an impenetrable front to him that he realized something had gone haywire. It was Lynn's mental machinery. Now, if you ever see Lynn trying to ride a horse facing to the rear, you might as well offer to sign the commitment.

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DICK MASTENS BACK AND HIE AWAY AGAIN

The Mastens are back—Dick, Hildreth and the children. Now, the Mastens are going away again—just Dick and Hildreth. As Dick explains it: "We've had a vacation with the children, now we're going to have a vacation from the children." It will be only for a week, however, we are promised, and the whole family will be back among us—or among the Highlands where they will re-establish the Masten home for a while.

THINGS TO COME

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MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9. Matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday. Tonight, Marlene Dietrich in "Garden of Allah." Saturday, Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It." For five days, starting Sunday, Elisabeth Bergner in "Dreaming Lips."

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Anthony Martin and Leah Ray in "Sing and Be Happy" and John Wayne in "I Cover the War." Saturday, Akim Tamiroff and Marian Marsh in "The Great Gambini" and Larry Crabbe and June Martel in "Forn River." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, John King and Larry Blake in "The Road Back." Wednesday, Edward Everett Horton and Lynne Overman in "Wild Money" and Bank Nite. Thursday and Friday, William Powell and Luise Rainer in "The Emperor's Candlesticks" and Wheeler and Woolsey in "On Again Off Again."

ADULT EDUCATION CLASSES

Pottery and Woodwork. Sunset School Shop. Mondays 7 to 9 p.m. Dressmaking and Homemaking. Sunset School lunch room, Thursdays, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Rhythmic Exercises, Sunset School Gymnasium, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Recreation, Gymnasium, Wednesdays, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. Photography, Sunset School Music Room, Mondays, 7:15 to 9:15 p.m. Classes in bookbinding, Life drawing, Portrait drawing, Commercial work, Shop, Music, Recreation, Swimming and Americanization at Monterey Union High School. For further information call Monterey 6980. No entrance fee.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. This week-end "In the Palace of the Sea King" and several entre-acts. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Girl Scout House, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final public reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses of the group. "Othello" is being read at present.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

HOUSE FOR SALE—Spanish Colonial, three bedrooms, completely furnished. Floor heater, fireplace. On one-half acre lot. Wonderful unobstructed view of Ocean and Point Lobos. Must be sold at once at a sacrifice. See to appreciate. Price \$8750.00. DEL MONTE PROPERTIES COMPANY, Ocean Ave. near Dolores. Telephone 1200.

LOTS FOR SALE—Only a few lots left at \$400.00 in Carmel Woods. Must see them to appreciate their value. DEL MONTE PROPERTIES COMPANY, Ocean Ave. near Dolores. Telephone 1200.

SMALL HOTEL. Near beach. Lot, 90 x 100. Address P. O. Box 1985, Carmel, or call Carmel 82 for particulars.

LINCOLN STREET—Attractive cottage containing living room with water view, kitchen, bedroom and bath in main house, and separate guest bedroom. Good location for home or rental. South of Ocean avenue. Price, \$3500. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Building, Ocean avenue. Telephone 66.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOR RENT OR LEASE—Unusually attractive large home, facing the Ocean. Modern equipment throughout, including electric refrigerator and central heating. Beautifully furnished, lovely garden and patio, suitable for large family. See ARTHUR T. SHAND, Las Tiendas Patio, Telephone 182, or see your agent.

FOUR BED-ROOM HOUSE, centrally located, two baths, excellent for family. Sub-let for \$45 per month. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor, Ocean at Lincoln, Phone Carmel 98.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—comfortable furnished apartment—close in. Address Box L-13, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

DO YOU NEED A NEW FIRE-PLACE, a garden wall, patio, artistic rock additions to the house itself? If you have such a house and such a need, Ted Warren, experienced stone mason, will exchange his work and materials for the rental of your house for himself and Mrs. Warren this winter. Address him at P. O. Box 998, Carmel, and ask about it.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Someone to take space in attractive shop. Good location on Ocean avenue, Carmel. Address Box 1503, or telephone 23-J after 5:30 p.m.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have considerable on the ball.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095.

MASSAGE

IDA HANKE, MASSEUSE, has moved from La Giralda Building to the corner of 8th and Lincoln street, at Sutton Place. Phone 832 for appointment. Will go out on calls at any time. (tf)

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W. (12)

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Elderly lady or woman needing some care, to share quiet home. Breakfast given if desired. Phone 832. (tf)

FOR SALE—Ladies' English bicycle. Lightweight. Practically new. P. O. Box 1063, Carmel.

FOR SALE—Fine Chinese Leopard fur coat, size 18, short, with black fox fur collar. Cheap. Phone 734-J.

TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

WOULD GIVE nine months' rent of an apartment in exchange for the building of a sun porch and shower. Address Box L-14, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

We'll Send
THE CYMBAL
Anywhere
For You
For \$1 a Year

AUTO TOPS...

Safety Glass

For Roadsters
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MADE TO YOUR ORDER

LOYD BUSBY

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DREAMING LIPS

STARTING SUNDAY AND RUNNING FIVE DAYS

FILMARTE

CARMEL • MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH • TELEPHONE 403

Friday Only

MARLENE DIETRICH IN "GARDEN OF ALLAH"

Saturday Only

EDWARD ARNOLD IN "COME AND GET IT"

Now, Sunset School Mothers, You May Know What Offspring Gets for Lunch

Here's an idea as occurred to Helen Poulsen, superintendent of the Sunset School cafeteria and teacher of home economics. We wish to aid and abet her in carrying it out. It requires, to do this, publicity. And, we ask you, where, this side of Independence Square, Philadelphia, can you get more of that commodity than through THE CYMBAL? So, for the entertainment, edification and, we hope, salvation of a lot of Carmel mothers, we present herewith the school cafeteria menus for next week. The point being that if Algernon or Esmeralda is to have macaroni and cheese for lunch at school next Thursday you can sort of see to it that you don't shove under the nose of him or her next Thursday for dinner a plate of macaroni and cheese.

Bright idea, isn't it? We hope

CLERK REFUSES TO SIGN AUDIT CLAIM PENDING LEGAL OPINION

(Continued from Page One)

of the city's three or four city attorneys, in which he replied to one of her questions.

She said she couldn't understand how it happened that Mr. Hudson should send such an opinion to her as she had not informed him she was going to ask for such an opinion. She assumed that some member of the council had already requested this opinion. She pointed this assumption at Mayor Everett Smith. The mayor denied knowing anything about it. He said he hadn't asked Hudson for such an opinion.

However, she read the letter which informed her that it was Mr. Hudson's opinion that whether or not Councilman Thoburn signed the demand it was legal for her to sign—in fact, it was incumbent on her to sign it. Hudson claimed the service was rendered on authority of the city council.

"That may be all right," said Sadee, "As far as one of my points is concerned. But I shall not sign the warrant until I have legal opinion on the other two: the legality of a claim for \$125 for reporting by Shaff on his own audit, and the legality of the claim of \$125 for an accounting system."

"We will get that legal opinion for you," declared the mayor.

The city clerk also read a communication from Ira D. Taylor, who, also by virtue of the votes of the citizens, is treasurer of the city of Carmel. Taylor requested of the council a legal opinion regarding the legality of this \$250 claim of Shaff Brothers and declared that he required it in writing so that it might be attached to the warrant if and when it was paid. Taylor requested this for his protection.

There was nothing said about providing Taylor with such an opinion, it being implied by Mayor Smith that Hudson's letter, already on hand, would fit the case.

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Last Sunday afternoon found a gathering of Carmel persons in the Conlan apartment in San Francisco. Fran Conlan had as his guests, George Aucourt, Adrienne Lillico and Lt. Edward Harris of the Presidio of San Francisco who was a frequent visitor in Carmel this summer when he was stationed at the Presidio of Monterey.

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When an advertiser wants to reach all Carmel buyers with one coverage, he uses The Cymbal.

to continue to carry it out during the school year.

MONDAY—NEXT MONDAY

Soup—Onion.
Salad—Combination Fruit.
Hot Dish—Scalloped Potatoes.
Vegetable—Corn.
Dessert—Ice cream.

TUESDAY

Soup—Clam Chowder.
Salad—Carrot and banana.
Hot Dish—Scalloped Cheese.
Vegetable—String Beans.
Dessert—Caramel pudding.

WEDNESDAY

Soup—Noodle.
Salad—Combination vegetable.
Hot Dish—Baked Hash.
Vegetable—Carrots.
Dessert—Ice cream.

THURSDAY

Soup—Vegetable.
Salad—Chicago salad.
Hot Dish—Macaroni and cheese.
Vegetable—Spinach.
Dessert—Prune Whip.

FRIDAY

Soup—Carrot.
Salad—Tomato sandwich.
Hot Dish—Spanish rice.
Vegetable—Baked banana squash.
Dessert—Ice cream.
And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

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Hunters Flocking To Belvail Camp

Carmel deer hunters are flocking to the John Belvail Camp near Pondosa in Siskiyou county. A number of them have already flocked and are on the spot for the opening of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Belvail have been there for a week, stocking up with food and other stores and getting ready for the influx. The camp is one of the finest hunting camps in the state, with modern conveniences that ought to shame a deer hunter—electric light plant and all.

Among those who have already reached the spot and are oiling their guns are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McFarland, Byron Pryor, Harold Paul, Eddie Francis, David Davis, George Maddox, Doc Graham, Mart Wilson, Ade Harbolt, Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Belvail and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Belvail. Leaving Sunday to join the bunch are L. E. Lewis, Clifford Eaneve, Gene Ricketts and D. G. Lang.

It is said that 30 cases of coca cola are already stocked and more will go up with the late arrivals.

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If...
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
IN
Whitney's

YOU HAVEN'T DONE
CARMEL

In the heart of the village
... in more ways
than one

BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER

Liquor... if
you like

Tilly Polak's Shop Still Shows Lovely Work of San Francisco Potters

We went down to Tilly Polak's with fear and trembling this week to see how many of the pottery pieces we especially wished to write about had been taken back to San Francisco when the potters, Manuel Jalavich and Ingvald Olsen, returned early last Friday. To our relief we found that so great an interest had been shown in the two-day exhibit of a week ago Wednesday and Thursday, that all the pieces except those which have been sold are still at the shop.

Your introduction to the group will be a set of bowls, one covered, and two deer, a stag and a doe. Your introduction will give you the background of the fine forms and their derivation if you are not too taken with the vibrant blue and deep blue-eggplant coloring of the pieces. Notice the vein lines, does the shape of the large bowl remind you of anything? Yes, that's right. A morning glory! Sounds almost like a kindergarten lesson, doesn't it? Just about that simple. But Jalavich and Olsen, master potters, have worked at their simple forms for 10 years in their studio in San Francisco.

Look at the low white bowl also in the front room. The tiny points in the center of each leaf... dogwood blossoms. Then in the back room, look down into the mirror on which the large brilliant blue bowl is resting. There underneath the full rounded shape are the leaves of the chrysanthemum twining the base and forming the delicate handles. Not only do these potters mold bowls of great beauty but there are also white deer, two proud, dusty-pink horses and a cock and hen set in deep blood red. The utter masculinity of the cock and the tender, feminine softness of the hen please us.

We talked to these master artisans last week. Jalavich says that they concentrate on color and form in their pottery. That is not unusual. All potters work for color

and form. The outstanding thing about these men is that they have worked for the best possible results in the simplest and therefore finest forms instead of rambling off into odd and unwieldy shapes. Your feeling on seeing their creations is that here is a beautiful thing rather than an unusual thing. Paradoxically they are unusual because the modern trend is to concentrate on the different which therefore becomes usual.

Olsen demonstrated to us the correlation of color and form in two bowls which you may study at the shop. A six-sided bowl with its flanges turning out throws the blue glaze outward so that it becomes a light-giving thing. The exact same glaze was used on a deeply rounded bowl center which has a deep red glaze on the outside. Here the color turns in on itself and has great depth and intensity. Some shapes will not take some colors. For their animals they use only white, dusty-pink, deep red or eggplant. Their fine golden yellow goes only on bowls which throw out light, the brilliant yellow-green really fits the shapes it has been devoted to and the same applies to the other pieces.

From ashtrays to the largest bowls the pieces at Miss Polak's shop should make you smack your

lips as we did ours when we first saw them. They are esthetically edible.
—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

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"HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS" IS PARODY ON CARNEGIE

"How to Lose Friends and Alienate People" is the title of a new book by Irving Tressler. Tressler, who claims to be the "President of the I. D. Tressler Institute of Human Relations Up to a Certain Point and How to Keep Them at That Point," apparently got just too much of Mr. Carnegie's pollyannaism in "How to Win Friends, etc." and it turned a bit sour on him. We anxiously await the advent of this book at the local bookshops in order to find out "How to Bore Bore," and how not to have overnight guests.

We ran across another travesty on the gentle art of making yourself so happy with a million in your bank account. This one was called "Wake Up Alone and Like It." That ought to hold them but we doubt it.

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A mural representing the Monterey waterfront in the early days with Chinese fishermen, horsemen and civilians, and great, green hills in the background will be installed in the Monterey Post Office. The artist is Henrietta Shore of Carmel, the work being done under the Treasury Art Department.

COME OVER TONIGHT!

DON'T MISS TONIGHT'S
Floor Show

No Cover Charge • Open Till 2 a. m.

KNOTTY PINE INN
296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY
Of course, you can dance every night

Don't look your Age!

THIS IS THE MODERN GAUNTLET THROWN DOWN TO
PRESENT-DAY WOMEN BY DAME FASHION HERSELF



"How can I help looking my age?" is the hue and cry from all womankind • "By FIGURE CONTROL" is the reply of the stylists—and they are not referring to mathematical calculations either—and here is the important cue to all women • SIZE DOESN'T MATTER—it is what you do about what you are that counts. A large woman, properly corseted and attired, elicits paeons of praise • To attain the pencil-slim silhouette the bust line must be higher and the abdomen flattened • Consultation with our expert corsetiers is free of charge • Surgical fittings a specialty • Don't wear just any garment. Wear the foundation garment that will cause your friends to say "She doesn't look her age" • Remember! It's all in the figure control

Holman's
PACIFIC GROVE

Corset and Lingerie Shop
Main Floor • Right